There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother *Nurse*?
Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tibalts* corse,
Will you goe to them: I will bring you thither.
Iu. Wash they his wounds with teares: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* banishment.
Take vp those cords, poore ropes you are beguild,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widdowed.
Come cord, come *Nurse*, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my maiden-head.
Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be heare at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iu. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier *and* Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearefull man,
Affliction is enamord of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
Ro. Father what newes? What is the Princes doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar.
Is my deare Sonne with such sowre companie?
I bring thee tydings of the Princes doome.
Ro. What lesse then Doomesday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Ro. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, doe not say banishment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:

Be

Be patient, for the world is b
Ro. There is no world wi
But purgatory, torture, hell i
Hence banished, is banisht f
And worlds exile is death. T
Is death mistearm'd, calling
Thou cutst my head off with
And smilest vpon the stroke
Fri. O deadly sinne, O ru
Thy fault our Law cals deat
Taking thy part, hath rusht a
And turn'd that blacke word
This is deare mercie, and tho
Ro. 'Tis torture and not r
Where *Iuliet* liues and euery
And little Mouse, euery vn
Liue here in Heauen and ma
But *Romeo* may not. More
More honourable state, mor
In carrion flyes, then *Romeo*: t
On the white wonder of dea
And steale immortall blessing
Who euen in pure and Vestal
Still blush, as thinking their
This may flyes doe, when I f
And sayst thou yet, that exile
But *Romeo* may not, he is ban
Flyes may doe this, but I fro
They are freemen, but I am b
Hadst thou no poyson mixt n
No sudden meane of death, th
But banished to kill me: Ban
O Fryer, the damned vse that
Howling attends it, how hast
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Co
A sinne Obsoluer, and my Fri
To mangle me with that word

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34